



Artism



## THE VOYAGE

The waves crashed with  
sudsing, churning splashes

And transformed her Sleeping Beauty's  
sandcastle into a  
blob of mud

And snatched his plastic duck  
that squeaked.

"Catch him, catch him,"  
was his sole cry,  
while she spurted,  
"Come back, come back,"

Although the waves roared  
with mighty billows  
and dragged them

Helplessly and mercilessly out  
to the surging depths.

The waves caressed and  
carried them quietly  
and gently along  
As they rested, arms outstretched

Until they were hauled  
into some  
hollow  
wooden  
structure.

—JANE HINTON



## ODE TO TIME

Yesterday, or was it some days before,  
I plucked bright little berries  
From their abode.

These tiny berries, solid and fire-truck red,  
Belonged to the multi-leaved shrubs and  
ladybugs  
Before they were mine.

I did not pick them to eat,  
Because I tried that once and  
Be sure enough, never again.

Good use was made of the small objects  
Since they served as pellets to bombard  
My best friend.

The berries had yet another purpose,  
For they went well on oozy mud pies  
In a world of dolls and tea parties.

Soon after I emerged from college buildings,  
My attention was captured by that same type  
of shrub,  
With those same small round ornaments.

Today, yes, it was today,  
I knew that those berries belonged to the  
insects and  
To the children who live down the street.

—JANE HINTON

Life is like a summer job—you lose it  
before you really get used to it.

—SANDY RUFFIN

## OUR CLOUDS

- While I watched the sky today the parade of passing clouds made me see your face. Your face—the one that laughed as you ran after me trying to steal my kite.
- And when you caught me, we stumbled onto the warm sand trying to catch our breath. And all at once—you saw them—the clouds.
- They were soft and white and made us forget the sun. We tried to pick out patterns (you said it was a naked lady but I knew it was a butterfly). The sand and the sky and the sea disappeared but the clouds stayed.
- Drifting above us and taking with them all of our worries.
- You and I and the clouds were so happy together.
- Today they floated over my head and I wondered if one was one of our clouds.
- It looked like a butterfly. But I knew you would have said it was a naked lady.

—SUSAN DILL

## LOST

It's very hard to say what I really feel and  
it's very hard to really feel what I say!

ROSEMARY PRIVETTE

STILLBIRTH

A fleeting glance  
at the tiny lifeless form  
of the stillborn child—  
Sorrow, now, is selfish;  
For a mother is but a vehicle  
through which a sinless soul  
receives its mortality,  
That it may return,  
and be enfolded in the arms  
of his Creator.  
Nothing is lost if a mother's pain  
can return one tiny soul  
to the Father.

KAREN YOUNGBLOOD

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Why do people play roles? They make life so  
much harder to live.  
I may be lazy, but I find it much easier to be  
myself.

—SANDY RUFFIN

<https://archive.org/details/prism197200peac>

## HIGHWAYS TO YOUR HEART

Your hands intrigue me.  
They are steady but flexible,  
Masculine and strong, yet  
Gentle and smooth to touch.

At times I imagine  
That your fingernails are little faces,  
And the wrinkles on your knuckles  
Are their smiles.

Often I wonder—  
If I ride across the highways of your palms,  
Will my journey carry me  
Into your future?

When your hands are cold and searching,  
They sometimes reach into my pockets.  
Funny . . . as our hands touch  
So do our hearts.

—JANE JOHNSON

Instantaneously, but, only momentarily,  
I wept.  
The combustible emotions of my  
weary soul  
Had erupted with volcanic force and  
I became  
Deeply buried in a cloud of utter  
confusion.  
Only afterwards did it dawn upon  
the innermost  
Depths of my being that I was.

—DAISY



## POEM

Blaze, the rising of the sun  
A club blood running came  
Arrows piercing, slithering hides of prey  
Creatures of far and near, of him, beware.

O how advanced this one  
From arrows to speeded bullet, so famed  
A gun, so called, numbers terminated in a day  
Creatures of far and near, of him, beware.

Blaze, the rising of the sun  
To shine upon a new bird fly  
A newer, better way, an airplane  
Of this in common, all earth doth share.

Great bird flies burdened with guns  
Your load made lighter, a stream of fire in the  
sky  
A canister of firey liquid death, napalm is your  
fame  
Of this in common, all earth doth share.

Blaze, the rising of the sun  
More efficiency in power to kill, an antiperson-  
nel bomb  
Explode your shiny metal squares  
O bombs, gorgeous bombs, O antiman.

A fantasy's name, but so real, this man has  
done  
Puff the Magic Dragon, for "puff" a silence, a  
calm  
For death speaks not, "puff" your hundred  
rounds per second flare  
O bombs, gorgeous bombs, O antiman.

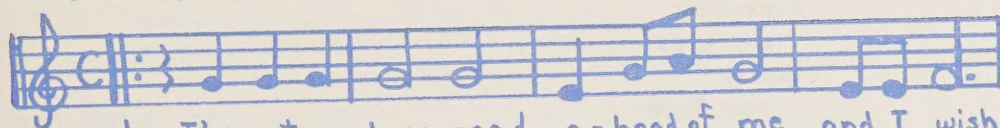
Fade, the sinking of the sun  
A new dawn, an artificial one  
Beware, creatures far and near, no escape in  
your dash  
For it blazes, white hot, the rising of the  
newborn sun.

—SUE NICHOLSON

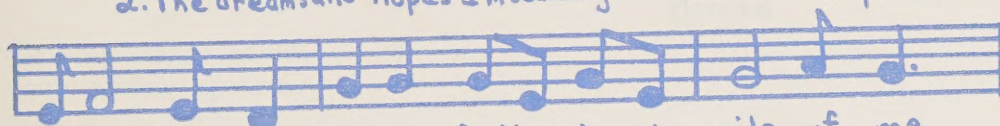


# LATER

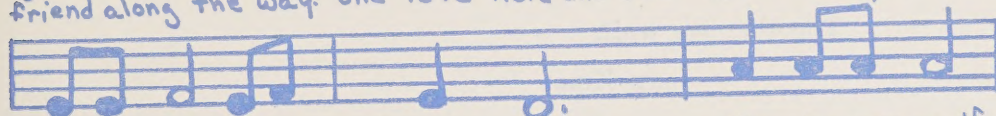
Words & Music  
Elisabeth Gambill



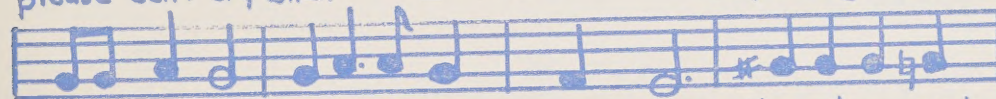
1. I've got a long road a-head of me and I wish  
2. The dreams and hopes I'm searching for. With maybe a



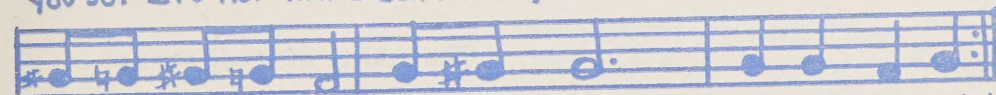
you'd un-der-stand that this feeling deep in-side of me  
friend along the way. One love here and one love there, but



is just dy-ing to break free. You be your-self  
please don't cry when I leave. Boy I'm gonna miss



and I'll be mine. Don't try to tie me down I've got so much  
you so. It's not that I don't care, I do. Thanks for sharing



living still to do and it's all an up-ward climb.  
your world with me. I'll return with a heart that's true.



La-ter so much la-ter boy La-ter

Brushing  
my fingers  
Lightly  
you took  
My hand  
firmly.

Caressing  
my eyes  
Softly  
you fixed  
My gaze  
securely.

Touching  
my heart  
Gently  
you smile  
Hopefully.

Together we wait.

—JANE KIRBY

The reality of it all seems  
unreal;  
The man flies high, but low  
in a sense.  
The kaleidoscope of colors blend and clash  
to make a  
Beautiful song without words or melody,  
only sound.  
It becomes you well. Take it off your  
mind and  
Put it on your soul. Wear it  
always.

—DAISY

## THE DECISION

Who is  
the  
bigger fool  
or  
the  
wiser man?

He who climbs the mountain,  
only to topple off,  
or  
He who stands below,  
only gazing upward.

—JANE HINTON

## MELLOW MAZES

Mellow gold lies on one side of the leaves;  
Knotted arms twist into each other's crooks.  
Mellow warmth from the slanted butter.

Peppermint air meandering  
In, out among the clutching hands  
Moves them all like chimes,  
Moves them each alone.

Chlorophyl maze thrust out inertly in space  
Wisened arms of strength sturdy in their grace  
Shadowed maze silently existing.

Muted thoughts flouring  
In, out among my juxtapositioning mind  
Connects mellow mazes,  
Ideas, and my life.

—MARTHA ARTHUR

never ask why  
    night falls like a guillotine or  
    the sun spits morning

never ask why  
    spring hovers the earth like droplets on a leaky faucet or  
    april flowers sprout from the earth like springs from an ancient  
    mattress

never ask why  
    i am me, an individual, a tiny speck in a vast universe or  
    my mind functions without oil

never ask why  
    i came into your life or  
    how long i will stay

never ask why  
    i luv u or  
    the little things mean so much

never ask why  
    each new day brings smiles and tears or  
    i cried when my pet beetle died

never ask why  
    people have to suffer and go hungry or  
    my refrigerator is always full

never ask why  
    the world is full of hate and prejudice or  
    my brother died in a war he never understood

never ask why  
    i was born into this insane world or  
    i need the warmth of your hand in mine

never ask why  
    i once had so many fears and doubts or  
    the kiss on the cheek cleared them all away

never ask why  
    you made me realize i have something to share with the world or  
    why i pledged to share my life with you

never ask why  
    i have sat for hours on end and questioned my existence or  
    i beam inside because i am a part of this insane world

never ask why  
    it spoils all the fun

—JENNESS DUNN



I wandered alone in a  
garden of plastic roses and the  
smell was stagnant.

I wondered at the plain  
artificiality of the, otherwise, calm  
and peaceful place.

I touched one of the poor  
facsimiles of a flower and it  
withered and fell to the ground.

I wandered further and  
came to a glass lake with rubber  
fish swimming in it.

When I tried to drink  
of it, the glass shattered and  
the fish deflated to nothing.

The plastic garden, the  
glass lake, the rubber fish were  
too unreal to dream of.

A real garden, a lake  
with water, live goldfish swimming  
are what I want and need.

When I find them,  
I may find that I am as  
plastic as the roses,

As breakable as the lake,  
as deflatable as the fish in my  
nightmarish imaginings.

God in heaven, forbid  
that I should ever be found  
by anyone to be not  
myself . . .

—DAISY

## YOU NAME IT

Your choice,  
Sense of wonder,  
Competition,  
Warm,  
Monday,  
Wednesday,  
Friday,  
Everyone,  
No drag,  
Anthony and Cleopatra,  
Effort,  
Free,  
Days ahead,  
Attention,  
A great selection,  
Smiles and laughter,  
Good for what ails you,  
When good jinxes get together,  
Convenient,  
Goofs,  
The wish,  
Jack and Jill,  
Not too spicy for kids,  
Anticipation,  
A game for many,  
Tuesday,  
Thursday,  
Saturday,  
Spectacular,  
Tears and titters,  
Forever,  
Love is , , , ,

—JANE HINTON

Who am I fooling?  
I want somebody, too.  
But I've got to keep my cool—  
    act like I don't give a happy-damn.  
If I'm lucky—no one will ever  
    know,  
Until I die from lack of love.

—SANDY RUFFIN

## RUSHES . . .

Rushes the mind,  
Rushes the thoughts,  
Rushes the time,  
Rushes the trails,  
Rushes the rushes.  
Rushes . . . Rushes . . . Rushes . . .

—LESLIE

The waters of the flood swell  
For a second all is swimming  
Blurred images hide reality  
Helpless shutters close  
To hold the waters  
In the window . . .  
But soon give away  
To the gushing flow.  
Over the edge and  
Down the mountain  
Descending hopelessly  
Into the lucid pool  
Of truth  
Fall  
The  
Teardrops

—JANE JOHNSON

The world is so full of people  
who fear to extend their hand,  
Afraid of being burned by love.  
One hand can hold a thousand  
gems of treasured riches but—  
Two arms can hold a life.  
I fear not the fire—  
I think only of its warmth.

—PAT SHAW

Speeding along in my make-up one day, I spotted a tear lying on the ground, so I picked it up. It seemed unharmed and unused, and, as I needed an extra tear or so, I put it in my pocket and took it home. The next day I found a good use for it; I cried it.

—DAISY

## MARKS OF INSANITY

I turn from sleep to catch fuzzy dawn  
    slipping into night's seat.  
Peanut butter soothes the soul,  
    cream it in the mouth and think.  
Empty charade—I, the fool,  
    playing various roles.  
Dusk gathers  
    like an old woman collecting eggs  
Reaching into dark corners  
    to touch the fragile truth.  
As confused as the criss-crossed web  
    as zig-zagged as a worm-eaten leaf.  
The fog stands on one foot—  
    then shifts her burden to the other—  
Dawn . . . I hope I won't go back to sleep.

—MARTHA ARTHUR

## THE ARTIST

In the morning early, my friend the artist  
paints with a dazzling white wash. At midday  
he splashes everything with the warmest  
golden I have ever seen. In the evening, it  
seems that he uses an infinite number of rose  
pastels. My friend, the artist, the sun . . .

—ROSEMARY PRIVETTE



You've unsettled my mind again  
I get you all straightened out, fixed in your  
place—which happens to be my whole self—  
when you suddenly kick—and push and I'm in  
a turmoil again. It's like I'm pregnant with you.  
You've gotten inside me and I can't lose you  
until you decide to come out. You have a mind  
of your own—definitely. And I would have it  
no other way. You move, and I can surely feel  
it. Sometimes it makes me uncomfortable—  
you give me a mourning sickness so to speak.  
But other times you are responsible for the  
glow that makes me feel like April flowers all  
day. I wonder how long before you'll appear.  
Elephants' gestation period is two years and  
I've always been partial to elephants. You've  
definitely gone past the human nine month  
period. But then I've always considered you  
more than human anyway. So I guess time will  
tell. . . . You're still there—I can feel you. But  
what if I stop feeling your movements? What  
if the birth is still? I don't know who will have  
died—you or me. I hope neither of us will. I  
have a lot of faith in you. I hope . . . that's all.

—ANONYMOUS

## EMERGING VOICES

*This year we take pleasure in introducing for the first time our "Emerging Voices" section, including the thirteen top poems in a competition co-sponsored by "Prism" and the North Carolina Arts Council. The competition drew 240 poems, representing the work of 132 high school juniors and seniors from 50 different communities; and the results, we believe, are glowing evidence that the art of poetry is alive and well among high school students in North Carolina. Had we space, we could have published at least twenty-five additional poems of superior quality. We congratulate all winners, and feel that their work testifies to the accuracy of the competition title: these "are" among the most articulate of the voices emerging from a highly articulate generation.*

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### *First Place Award*

#### BLACK FRIDAY

\* or \*

The Day Xerox dropped 10 Points

Grown men cry in paneled rooms.  
The ticker tape parade  
is gone and God has finished his cigar.  
Dow Jones' golden Bull  
lies dead.

—WINK HILLARD

Grade 11

N. B. Broughton High School

Raleigh, N. C.

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*Second Place Award*

a poem (about everything) by mitch & me  
i told mitch i was gonna write a poem about  
everything  
and he said how about just *Why?*  
brevity being both the soul of wit & of making  
sense  
no i said well briefer still would be ?  
and he said to be more realistic .  
then we laughed  
because it was awfully true, come to think of it  
and we would have felt silly crying  
then i said  
well why not just a blank  
but that wouldn't get the message across  
would it.

—MELODY IVINS  
Grade 11  
Smithfield-Selma Senior High School  
Smithfield, N. C.

*Second Place Award*

CYCLIC—I

Grind the dust—  
Hack it with grumbling shovels and graters—  
Hack it loose—  
Sweep it into tumbling rolls and swirling spillways—  
Crack the marrow—  
Release its ancient tongues.

(My great-great-great-great-great-grandfather was a penniless drifter.  
He tasted sleepy Indian trails from Pittsburg to Richmond.  
The Alleghonies stretched boundless blankets at his moccasins.

When winter howled,  
He drew up buckskins to blasting campfires,  
Sipped root teas,  
And ducked brash gales that scaled the slopes.  
When he passed,  
They shackled him in a pine crate,  
Wrapped the earth about him  
And forgot.)

Grate the glorious earth—  
Blend Ochres and Siennas;  
Russet sand, chestnut clays—  
Weave them wildly,  
Liberate them,  
Sift the faceless rudiment,  
Let the voices regenerate.

—CHARLES MORTON RITCHIE, JR.  
Grade 12  
South Mecklenburg High School  
Pineville, N. C.



*Third Place Award*

CHILDREN AGAIN

from orbits  
diverse  
we turn and  
Go Back  
to our  
selves Life  
and Time  
all is telescoped  
into one week  
end  
we will  
laugh and  
run screaming  
among the pale  
blue sky  
gather  
gold leaves  
from the  
water and  
pluck stars  
from high  
Treetops . . .

children:

find a rock a small smooth pebble  
carry it back to your life  
keep it in your pocket      warm

—BRENDA MASSENGILL

Walter M. Williams High School  
Grade 12  
Burlington, N. C.

*Third Place Award*

THE FIRST FROST

In the afternoon  
When she fell  
And broke her arm,  
I thought . . .  
Children never fall  
Except on softened ground.  
Yet in the night  
The frost had come  
Quite unexpectedly,  
Freezing the soft soil.  
Now there she lies,  
Her delicate bone  
Shattered upon the frozen stone.

—KATHY SCHWERTMAN

Grade 11  
N. B. Broughton High School  
Raleigh, N. C.

CHORUS OF THREE\*

Cry Sphinx's tears for one who in his youth  
was lauded as a saviour and made King;  
Bleed dust and ashes on the search for truth  
which found a devil in the seer's den.  
Spit upon the crownless stumbling in pursuit  
of this world's tarnished tinsel verities;  
Leer at beggary's hard-won recruit  
scratching blindly on the road from Thebes.  
We sing a song of dragon's light which broke  
too late on head of rueless lord and liege  
alike—  
The glowering splendor of predestined fate  
ruttishly illumining the night.  
Why need three sisters to cajole, coerce?  
Our province lies in absolutes: the curse.

\* a song which might have been sung by the Furies in Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex*.

—MARY MORRISON  
N. B. Broughton High School  
Raleigh, N. C.

*Special Merit*

OEDIPUS

Blind man's cryptic words,  
dead and hollow  
like stone  
of an empty sepulcher,  
Echoing my vile and sullen darkness.  
No copper coin  
between my teeth  
to pay my way  
to Hades—  
These golden rods  
shaft light into my eyes,  
my blood,  
my soul.

—JEFF BREDENBERG  
Grade 12  
N. B. Broughton High School  
Raleigh, N. C.

*Special Merit*

I TOOK STEP AND THEN UNTOOK IT

I took step and then untook it,  
Not for balance sake alone.  
Certainty of stepping left me,  
Clarity of reason gone.

Backwards I could not progressing  
If progression's that I should.  
Forward's lacking clear and certain,  
Knowing I not what I would.

Thinking inward I need moving,  
For stagnation's much a foe;  
Since in forward I kept stopping,  
I stepped leftward, very slow.

Deliberation, and essential,  
Should I not step also right?  
Risking step I unstepped leftward,  
I stepped rightward as was right.

I keep stepping leftward rightward,  
Just for moving sake alone.  
Thus I'm stepping yet just staying,  
Clarity of reason gone.

—DAVID FRENCH  
Grade 12  
Pine Forest High School  
Fayetteville, N. C.

*Special Merit*

ergot

inside:

unused bicycles;  
the smoke drifts to the ceiling  
but doesn't stay there.  
horseshoe hanging on the wall,  
a nail its sole support,  
dissolves into rust/  
matter to dust.  
what would my life be if you decide to go?

outside:

dead brown stalks of  
last year's plants;  
leaves pass into humus—  
serving their second purpose;  
toadstoolsfungusmildewmold&rot  
fallen tree trunks blend into  
the soil;  
the worms of decay work overtime.  
what would my life be if you decide to go?

*Special Merit*

—HAMPTON JAMES LARK  
Grade 12  
Mount Holly High School  
Mount Holly, N. C.

RED BALLOON

Relaxed  
in  
red-rubber limpness  
until  
warmness  
bloats it—  
stretched skin  
surrounding  
nothing,  
ripping  
from within.

—ANNE DOWLING  
Grade 11  
N. B. Broughton High School  
Raleigh, N. C.



HYMN

If you want to manage my tone or mood,  
make me laugh or dance, or mute,  
just put me down in front of a tune  
and send me a message on a vibrating string.

With the snap of your fingers or tap of your feet,  
you can send me to Spain with a rose in my teeth,  
swirling to the beat of crimson and black,  
clickling my heels to the strum  
of an elegant ancient guitar.

And let the thundering bands pounce upon my feeble ears,  
flaunting their arrogant brass and marching down my spine.  
My heart will leap into a glittering uniform  
and tumble about on the drums like a clown on a trampoline.

But just escort me down a velvet carpet  
to where the violins are perched in their tuxedos,  
and I shall be squeezed until I melt into their melody  
with proper grace and dignity;  
the waltz will bow and I shall curtsy.

Make certain that I am kissed on the forehead  
by a softhearted lullaby muffled in a blanket;  
for not until the weary hum is in a trance  
can dreams be issued by its rhythm  
or distant night grown numb.

So if you catch me drifting in the dust  
and all that I become is wrong  
could you pick me up  
and spin me around;  
would somebody please just sing me a song?

—MARGARET BAKER  
Grade 12  
Smithfield-Selma Senior High  
Smithfield, N. C.

## *Special Merit*

america: the Fortress of freedom  
or how our two party (with an interfering third) system works

U.S.A.—the home of some of the world's greatest parties.  
and these parties,  
they Put-on some of the best circusses around.  
a couple years ago,  
there were two parties that held circusses.  
televised, yet!  
one circuss was Put-on in ILLiNoisE.  
the one and onlyest;  
home of RiChard P. "boss" daly, and his homeliest  
private farce strong arm troops called "law enForcers"  
or, depending on viewpoint  
"pigs"—led by capable defectives. such as  
dick tracer bullet and captain smithandwesson (XXXVIII).  
another party—  
another circuss—this one in florida  
where Flipper survives: and the seminoles don't.  
home of Flipper  
and his band of Idiots who claim he talks. (ridiculous  
isn't it? replied Flipper at his latest news conference.)  
each party's circuss was broadcasted by the other.  
ABC (asinine boastcasting studio) presented one.  
NBC (nellies' biggest crackerjack) presented one.  
each tried to make the other look bad.  
—but, a third party interrupted.  
and stole the spotlight by Rallying to their cause.  
however, one must remember,  
that Nixon belongs to obviously the best,  
the Grand Old Party.

—BOB AMEY  
Grade 11  
Smithfield-Selma High School  
Smithfield, N. C.





